The worthie Hystorie of the moste Noble and valiaunt Knight Plasidas, otherwise called Eustas, who was martyred for the Profession of Jesus Christ.

Gathered in English verse by Iohn Partridge, in the yere of our Lord. 1566.

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To the worshipfull Ar-thur *Dwabene*, Marchaunt venturer, his seruante and dayly oratour John Partridge wisheth in-crease of worshipp, by his worthy trauayle.

WHat tyme, right Wor-shipfull, the moste excel-lent Philo-sopher of ỹ worlde, *Democritus* was de-maunded of a frend, What was the chiefeste beste a-mongeste men in all the worlde, verely (quoth he)

a pacient man in miſerie. The other replying, and demaunding the cauſe of that his aſſertion, he anſwered and ſayde: eyther he is not in miſerie at all, or elſe armed moſt ſtrongly and ſurely agaynſte all aduerſities What ſo euer they be, that ſhall happen vnto him. By pacience, ſayth he, of a thouſande euilles he is not at all any whit moleſted. *Anaxagoras* the Philoſopher, borne of a noble ſtocke, and ſonne to *Eubullus*, Who in Philoſophie

ſophie dyd exceede, ſayeth that he himſelf could find nothing more excellent in War, than this one thing, that is, a Souldier to be hardy, and alſo chiefely aboue all other thyngs, the ſame to be likewiſe truſtie and pacient to indure trauayle, payne, and other kind of miſeries that ſhall happen or befall vnto him in that conflicte of War in which he then is conuerſaunte. *Alexander* I meane the greate, hauing made War againſt the Perſians

and of thē had made gret
ſlaughter, the king of Per
ſia being of a noble corage
bolde, ſtoute, pacient and
hardy, hauing taken a ca-
ſtle or hold for his defence,
& beeing in tyme brought
in ſubiection to the Mace-
donians, was demaunded
of *Alexander* in What poynt
he ſawe himſelfe not to be
ouercome, to Whome the
King of Perſia anſWered
on this Wiſe: Sir king, in
no point at all am I ouer-
come. *Alexander* hering him
ſaye ſo, demaunded if he
had

had not loſt both friends, cũtries, caſtles, townes, & all thinges elſe, yes verily (quoth he) & yet am I not ouercõe: for though they al be gone, yet can I with pacience beare the loſſe of the ſame. Oh greate was the pacience of this King, yet verily nothing in comparison of his, whome I haue taken to write vpon. Therefore I deeming nothing more fyt for a good nature than to ſet forth ſo notable a fact of pacience, as this was, haue at the

requeſt of a ſpeciall friend
of mine, drawen the ſame
though rudely yet hoping
not without ſome profite,
eyther of my ſelf, or of ſom
other. And bicauſe that
to euery caſtle, towne, ci-
tie, worke or workemans-
hippe, there belongeth de-
fence: and knowing that
defence canne not be made
wythout ſome one defen-
der, I am ſo bolde (conſy-
dering mine owne weake-
neſſe) to dedicate this my
ſimple worke vnto youre
Worſhip, that your Wiſe-
dome

dome may bee the defence thereof agaynſt the rancorous Zoilictes, Whiche at all tymes froun the beginning haue bene readie to breathe the fylth of their cancred ſtomackes vpon thoſe moſt famous Works of the excellenteſt clearkes that euer Were, Whoſe bokes I am not Worthye to beare, knowing likeWyſe that if thoſe Went not fre, mine can not. Therfore I hoping of your Worſhips defence, am boldened the more in proſecuting of the ſame.

ſame. Thus truſting to your goodneſſe, I end, deſiring God to mayntayne your eſtate, and ſende you long life and good health, to his pleaſure and your heartes deſire.)(

Your humble ſeruaunt,
Iohn Partridge.

To the Reader.

LEt pacience increase by kinde,
within thy dolefull breast:
Let that swete dame within thy bowre,
haue hir abyding neast.
Consider, viewe and vnderstande,
what liquor doth descende:
Out of hir welles, from perils great,
the same will thee defende.
The stinking bande of fowle dispaire,
thy state shall not molest:
Ne slaughter in thy gates shall not,
to strike be ready prest.
For Socrates doth playne declare,
no other god to be:
Than wrapt in woes and pinching cares,
a pacient one to see.
The saincts haue shewed what pacience is,
howe precious in Gods sight:
In stories we may reade and finde,
how much they did delight,
For to be founde in miseries,
in pacience to dwell:
Whereof to vs this story doth
most playnely shewe and tell.

What

To the Reader.

What pacience had Iob I finde,
such pacience is rare:
A thousand Martirs I with him,
may very well compare.
What was the pacience of those,
whome flashing firy flames:
Bereft of life, yet coulde it not,
at all extinct their fames.
For fame for good desert doth rest,
behinde though they be gone:
Because we might pursue the like,
and oft thinke therupon.
Therefore let vs pursue the same,
and then wr shal be sure;
For to possesse that glorious crowne,
that lastes and shall endure,
After that earth, yea birdes and beastes,
shall be consumed to nought:
Which crowne to vs O Lord do graunt,
that with thy bloud vs bought.

The verdicte of the Booke.

Learne here thou shalt one God most hie
To rule the heauens the earth and all:
The Sunne, the Moone, the starry Skie,
Subiect to be vnto his call.
Of patience likewise reade thou shalt,
Which is a gift of all most pure:
Aboue the rest I thee ensure.

Gods prouidence here thou shalt knowe,
His great good will I doe declare:
His mighty force I playne doe showe,
Reade on therfore and doe not spare.
Though that my skill be very bare,
Yet fruite hereby well take you may:
If it to reade you wil essay.

In whome to put thy trust be bolde,
In whome to ioy here thou mayst se:
A treasure passing any golde,
Or precious stones what that they be.
The same I doe declare to thee,
To reade me therefore take some payne:
And that I count my authors gayne.

Fare-

The Bookes verdicte.

Farewell my friendes for for your sakes,
My author hath abrode me sent:
I passe not for all crabbed crakes,
That Zoilus to make is bent.
For all for you my author meant,
When hen that in hand his pen he toke:
And out this storie first did loke.

Patienter ferenda quæ mutari non possunt

SOmetyme in Romane lande there was,
a kyng of noble fame:
Who was full faire in martiall feates,
and Trayan had to name.
Who vnder him of lusty knightes,
did kepe a comely trayne:
And ouer them he poynted hath,
one knight as Capitaine.
This knight to name had Plasidas,
one whome the king did loue:
For martiall feates that in this knight,
did shine the rest aboue.
A wife he had of glistering hew,
of shape both faire and trim:
Of louing minde, of gladsome heart,
and trusty vnto him.
By her he had two children fayre,
surmounting Phoebus bright:
Who for their manly courage stout,
compare with him they might.
The prouerbe olde is verified,
vpon these babies twaine:
By splendent courage they assay,
their honoures to maintaine.

The father he before doth strive,
to runne a happy race:
The manly children parent like,
do followe on apace.
And seekes for to obtayne the crowne,
of honour and of prayse:
Which to atchieue the noble hearts,
indeuour still alwayes.
They spende their tyme with ioy and blisse
their labour they imploy:
According to their parentes mindes,
their hope and perfect ioy.
Such bookes these babes did learn to reade
as present tyme did giue:
Which might their tender yeares trade vp
in Vametrie to liue.
Thus they in whom all tenderneſſe,
of age did still remaine:
Were taught the labour tedious,
of study to sustaine.
The parentes eke imploy their dayes,
good learning to attaine:
And now and then they finde pastime,
their griefes for to restraine.

Some

Sometime on hunting he doth ride;
sometyme to Chesse they goe:
Sometime great doutes they do decide,
that in the Realme might growe.
This was the vse of Plasidas,
his minde to recreate:
This did ere his children deare,
O blessed happy fate.
The stormy winter dayes hath left,
with misty cloudes to swell:
And Phœbus bright appointed is,
more nearer vs to dwell.
And Eolus no pleasure takes,
to dim the ayre with cloudes:
And Phœbus nowe is quite devoide,
of fogges his beames that shrowdes.
Then doth Aurora leaue the bed
of Titan, and doth bring:
Some ioyes to men, the wished day
beholding once to spring.
And trees and hearbes with ioyfull heart,
do shew their pleasaunt hew:
And knights in Forrests bende their force
the Bucke for to subdew.

Then Plasidas with comely traine,
of knightes of royall kinde:
Do enter now the greene Foreſtes,
a Bucke forth for to finde.
At lēgth he came where bucks great ſtore,
did ſtande confuſedly:
And ech man now doth bend him ſelfe,
his luſty Stede to try.
Now here and there the harmeleſſe Buck,
allayeth for: to runne:
And Plasidas at one faire Bucke,
to ryde he hath begonne.
The other knightes amongſt the Buckes,
in fieldes abrode do raunge:
But Plasidas followeth hard,
this Bucke and will not chaunge.
At length in thickſt of woods I ſay,
the Bucke doth enter in:
And then more fiercely hir to ſew,
this knight doth ſtraight beginne.
Till at the laſt the Bucke had tooke,
a Mountaine huge and hye:
And there the huge and lofty Bucke,
Plasidas did diſcry.

But

But as he was addicted sore,
the Bucke with force to take:
The mighty God in Skyes aboue,
his seruaunt did him make.
And out from cloudes he called to him,
his Idolles to detest:
Which by and by fel in a swoune,
and so he left the beast.
Then there he layde his sprangling corps,
almost deuoyde of breath:
I am thy God then sayd the Lord,
which bought thee with my death.
My very bloud doth iustifie,
in me thou hast thy life:
Go wende in hast the Lorde can say,
conuert thy Heathen wife.
Thy children eke let them be taught,
one God to honour pure:
Then thou my kingdome shalt possesse,
hereof thou mayst be sure.
Where thou shalt liue eternally,
if thou this life detest:
And shalt if thou fight manfully,
for aye with me be blest.

Arise therfore go wende in hast,
this life is but as grasse:
To day full faire (hir glistring hew,)
to morow quite is past.
Those stocks & stones the which thou does
as Goddes adorne with prayse:
Are in my sight Idolatrous,
therefore eschewe those wayes.
Arise I say and get thee hence,
make hast thee to baptise:
And see thou do conuert thy wife,
I say in any wise.
Appalled sore with feare and dreade,
the knight straight wayes did say:
Haue mercy Lord, and me forgiue,
I hartly to thee pray.
Stand vp thou knight then sayd the Lord,
thy sinnes remitted be:
Do thou not feare for Sathan will,
thee plague with misery.
Then downe he sat with stretched handes
to God he gaue the prayse:
And sayde, to thee that sittes on hye,
be honour due alwayes.

That

That hast vouchsafe this day to call,
thy seruaunt gone astray:
Euen as a sheepe by fortune strayed,
out of the herde away.
I do confesse thou onely arte,
my comfort and my trust:
And eke my God, and thy promyse,
thou kepest true and iust.
No part thereof thou violatest,
thou art both God and man:
These stockes, these stones be Diuels yll,
do vs no good they can.
Thée therefore I do worshyp still,
thou madest the worlde of naught:
And I the Image of thy grace,
that thou of earth hast wrought.
I do confesse my heauenly king,
that no good is in me:
But that the goodnesse which I haue,
doth all discende from thee.
Without thy grace and goodnesse, I
no day at all can say:
But that I should be ouerthrowen,
and brought to deathes decay.

But thou O God art my defence,
my aide, my hope, and truſt:
Thou art my king, my God, my Lord,
my ſauiour true and iuſt.
O Lord I know that Sathan will,
with cares my ſoule moleſt:
But thou O Lord in pacience,
defende my carefull breſt.
Let me with pacience ſtill abide,
thy gracious layſure good:
And graunt alſo to me full hope,
in thy moſt precious bloud.
That what ſo euer illes do hap,
vnto thy ſeruaunt here:
With willing minde the burden huge,
with pacience I may bere.
Graunt alſo that diſpayre do not,
moleſt my quiet ſtate:
Ne that I ſhould in any wiſe,
incurre thy heauy hate.
But giue me Lord a minde alwayes,
obedient for to bée:
Vnto thy heſt, and to ſubmit
my will alwayes to thée.

So

So shall I be a moste litte braunch,
ingrafted in the tree:
Of liuing dayes, and at the last,
shall euer raigne with thee.
To whome be prayse eternally,
both now and euer more:
One onely God though persons three,
as I haue sayd before.
Then at the last this noble knight,
from Forrest made returne:
And thought within his hunting race,
no longer to sojourne.
But home he commes in posting wise,
The knightes they after hye:
And some the chase will follow on,
the ende thereof to trye.
The mighty Buckes lye dead on launde.
the Palfrayes they do sweate:
And from their frothy mouthes they breath
the inward partching heate.
Now here now there with launce in hand,
the marshall knightes do runne:
And at the last they haue espyed,
how Plasidas did come.

From

From out the groues so greene which was
beset with many a tree:
With heauy chere much like vnto,
a man in miserie.
When they perceyued well that he,
with sorrow was infect:
They mused much, yet of that hapte,
they nothing did suspect.
Then home they go and some doe lade,
the pray that they haue slaine:
And other some for their repastes,
in Forestes do remaine.
At length Plasidas doth arriue,
before his Castle gate:
His wife to welcome home hir Loue,
is ready sone thereat.
From gate to Hall they do ascende,
and there the bourdes be spred:
The sunne is downe, and time it is,
for men to goe to bed.
The chamberlaynes the bed downe lay,
and fier in chamber make:
And nowe Plasidas he is come,
his corporall rest to take.

When

When he in bed had layne a while,
great grieses he did sustayne:
And so at length his minde to breake,
he purposeth certaine.
At length his wife perceyuing that,
no rest her Mate could finde:
She did procure him for to shewe,
what dreade was in his minde.
At length he sayde, oh louing mate,
the cause sith thou wouldest know:
Of these my cares so huge and fell,
to thee them I will showe.
This day (quoth he) as I abrode
in Forrest thicke did runne:
A mighty Bucke his race to take,
before me hath begunne.
At whom I shod with all my might,
and force that I could make:
At length the Bucke for his defence,
the densid woodes doth take.
And there the Bucke I do pursue,
on lofte stede amaine:
Till that the toppe of one great hill,
he seketh to attaine.

And

And there from out the skyes did breake,
a voyce like thunders cry:
For feare wherof almost my breath,
to Skyes away did fly.
Quoth he I am thy very God,
ne made but being still:
Both heauen and earth, yea Skyes and al
obeyes vnto my will.
I made them all, and thée O man,
as Lorde of earth to bée:
The fishe, the foules, the birdes, the beast,
shall all obey to thée.
And for the loue which I thée bare,
my Image I thée made:
A liuing soule the life wherof,
away shall neuer fade.
Thus art thou now my Image pure,
and I thy Lorde and king:
Thou art the shepe whom I do loue,
aboue all earthly thing.
By this my loue I did declare,
when thou wast vtterly:
Condemned for thy wickednesse,
eternally to dye.

I loued thée so that I did take,
a seruaunts shape on me:
For to be slaine euen as a shéepe,
at Sacrifice we sée.
And thou vnkinde forgetting quite,
what I for thée haue done:
Hast made thée Goddes, and of vile earth,
a God is now become.
Yet I bicause I tender thée,
And rewe thy heauy fall:
Vouchsafe againe thée to the folde,
once more from sinne to call.
Repent therefore and learne to knowe,
thy God, thy Lord, and King:
So shalt thou with him eterne liue,
where Angels holy sing.
Forsake thy Idolles and become,
a Christian now at last:
And Ile remitte and quite forgiue,
thy wickednesse forepaste.
Arise therefore go wende in hast,
make spéede for to conuert:
Thy gentle wife, that honour thée,
may me with all hir heart.

O Lord (quoth I) if Sathan do,
with care my corps molest:
Be thou my ayde, let patience still,
abide within my brest.
Do thou defende our sinfull corps,
O Lorde we thee desire:
That by thy death vnto the crowne
of life we may aspire.
Then sayd the Lorde with troubles great,
Sathan shall thee anoye:
By fraude in frendship such as erst,
with thee were wont to toye.
And speake thee faire, with cap and knee,
at euery worde do make:
Now in thy fall and miserie,
their flattering leaues shall take.
And not content with rayling voice,
reprochfull wordes to say:
But eke are bent to spoyle thy Tent,
thy goodes to beare away.
Which thou shalt by my grace diuine,
with patience beare thy losse:
And at the length when I see time,
Ile take away this crosse.

And will againe in former state,
thée place with ioy and blesse:
With double folde, and shalt againe
possesse thy lost rychesse.
Then downe I fell in swounning there,
and loud and shirle I cryed:
Oh Lord thy seruaunt will I be,
hap me what will betide.
These were the wordes when sacred toys,
of mountaines great and tall:
Ye left, O Plasidas go home,
thy wife sée that thou call.
Then sayd his wife, my louing Lord,
O Plasidas so true:
Ye is the God of heauen and earth,
that did appeare to you.
For yester night as I did lye,
in bed with heauy minde:
We thought before me one most faire,
in chamber I did finde.
Appalled fore twixt feare and dreade,
at length to me he spake:
And sayd, O Theapis from slepe,
and drousinesse awake.

To morrow shall thy husbande dere,
what I am well perceaue:
I am thy Christ and went his way,
and thus he toke his leaue.
This for to shewe my louing Lord,
I durst no whit to thée:
Least happely thou mightst haue thought,
in me some iniury.
But now I knowe and well perceyue,
that that was Christ in deede:
Ye is of God coequall mate,
and eke of Dauids seede.
To him therfore with thankes giuing,
on Flutes and Pypes full shrill:
Our Sacrifices vnto him,
on Aultars will we kill.
This is the Prophet which to vs,
full long was prophecied:
This is the very sonne of him,
who Starres in Skyes doth guide.
Therefore my Lord if that thée please,
of baptisme let vs take:
The sacrament, and then let vs,
our Country soyle forsake.

Then

Then sayd the knight, faire dame at hand,
doth rest a clarke of fame:
A Minister of sacred rightes,
who Buno hath to name.
A comely man, of fayth most pure,
to him straight we will wende:
For rightes of Baptisme to receyue,
I verily do pretend.
Our children eke he baptise shall,
according vnto right:
And thus to him they went in hast,
in middest of the night.
And when they baptisme had receyued,
as now the maner is:
Plasidas, Eustas had to name,
his wife is Theapis.
His children eke whom nature made,
of beauty passing faire:
Were tender ones, thone Agapite,
Theospite was the heyre.
Thus baptisme done vnto their house,
agayne they do repaire:
And there in peace a while they liue,
both honestly and faire.

At length the sturdy boystrous blasts,
of Sathan gins to roze:
Euen as the water from a hyll,
or as a myghty Boze.
Which of some wight receyued hath,
a wound both huge and great:
Or as the flashing waues of floudes,
that craggie rockes doth beate.
With hurling here and there hir streames,
indeuoring for to weare:
The ragged bankes which of their floudes,
the crabbyd rage doth beare.
Much like vnto a battayle made,
a Citie for to get:
And munition with burning strokes,
to sacke the walles is set.
And breach is made, and houses burne,
and souldiers nowe beginne:
For ioy of spoyle, by vitall breath
not for to set a pinne.
Or else when as a Lion great,
doth range with angry moode:
With hungrie chawes amid the woods,
doth seeke to haue his foode.

And

And he that first within his sight,
appeares that he may see:
With gasping mouth on him he runnes,
deuoured for to bee.
So Sathan now in roring wise,
on Plasidas doth runne:
His sheepe and cattell for to slay,
alreadie hath begunne.
Then Plasidas to pouertie,
is brought the ready way:
And eke when that his fayned friendes,
perceyued his decay,
They runne his house to spoyle and sacke,
his goodes they beare away:
Euen those whome he had fostred earst,
before his great decay.
These pampered churles that sit all day,
at tables dayntie fed:
Who by all mischieuous crabbed guiles,
with stinking heart is led.
Whome neyther loue ne hate can driue,
from out the Castell doore:
They learned haue so for to rowe,
with the Athenien oare.

I may such persones well compare,
vnto a pype or tonne:
That hath good wine to outwarde sight,
in which there is poyson.
For they themselues so beautifie,
their wordes in inwarde showe:
But poyson much is hyd therein,
as afterwardes we knowe.
Thus Plasidas from great renoume,
to pouertie is brought:
And where he was a royall knight,
nowe is he worse than nought.
Thus then when shame had ouertoke,
this worthy knight, then loe:
In midst of all the darkesome night,
from house and friends they goe.
To water side, and there doe wayte,
when lofty ship shall glyde:
On foming seas, the winde is good,
for them on seas to ryde.
They do inquire if any ship,
to countrey farre will wende:
To whome the Master aunswere made,
that straight they did intende,

To

To hoyse their sayles and to departe,
to Egipt in all hast:
Agreed they are, they hoyse their sayles,
to sayle away at last.
The lande they leaue, into the deepe,
they launce with winde at will:
The mighty shippe the hollowe waues,
at euery surge doth fill.
The night is gone and day is come,
wherein eche thing doth toy:
And here the lusty fish begin,
at paynted pupe to toy.
With fetching friscboes here and there,
with spready finne in sea:
And seemeth who fastest should swimme,
some wager for to lay.
They sayled haue and now at length,
neere Egipt they ariue:
The Master of the ship doth like,
the beautie of the wife,
Of Plasidas, and doth delight,
his wauering wanton minde:
With rolling in his diuelish brayne,
the beautie of hir kinde.

She pleaſed hath his lothfull eyes,
with beauties ſhining beames:
Fro whence ſometime did yſſue out,
of teares abundant ſtreames.
Then at the laſt when vnto land,
they drewe, and playne did ſée:
The toures tops, and kneiwe full well,
how far from lande they be.
The Maſter of the ſhip did ſay,
yon paſſangers we ſée:
That nere to land our ſhip is come,
therefore nowe ready be.
For that you haue your fraught to pay,
as due it is by right:
Come on ſir boy, launce out this boate,
the towne is here in ſight.
The anker then through flaſhing floud,
a way doth may doth make for holde:
And there to ryde from daungers great,
the Maſter is full bolde.
The Maſter and the Partners guide,
the cocke boate vnto lande:
Then he his fraight for to receiue,
he ſtretcheth forth his hande.

Yet nought at all from Plasidas,
might hap in any wayes:
For all was gone, and naught was left,
before he toke the seas.
Wilhy Plasidas the Master sayd,
thy wife Ile haue away:
If that thou wilt not out of hand,
my duetie to me pay.
Then out of hande he toke his wife,
Plasidas being on shoare:
And sayd, ỳ friend thou shuldst haue sought
thy fraught to pay before.
Therefore I say thy wife with me,
away from hence shall wende:
Wlith whome Plasidas all in vayne,
did labour and contende,
To kepe hir still, the Master straight,
his Mariners bad to bring:
Plasidas loe in midst of seas,
by furious force to fling.
So that his wife the Master he,
at will might then possesse:
His wilfulnesse brought him his death,
in thende as I doe gesse.

Wlell

Well Plasidas must nædes departe,
whether he will or nay:
For money none at all he had,
as then, the fraught to pay.
But from the shoares of surging seas,
with heauy minde doth wende:
And for to liue in Egipt lande,
he verily doth intende.
With his two babes of tender yeares,
so faire in natures grace:
The one on fathers armes hanging,
doth followe on a pace,
The other he doth runne afore,
with euery grasse to play:
His father mery for to make,
all meanes he doth assay.
At length wher flashing streames of flouds,
the shoares doth cleane deuide:
They are arriued, and there they stande,
the maner to decide,
How for to passe those troublesome waues
for nædes that way he must:
Vnto the towne, O Fortune thou
to good men neuer iust,

Whome

Who earst a loft in chaire of state,
was wonte in peace to syt:
Is now in floudes of miserie,
and thou not leauing it,
Doest adde moze care vnto his payne,
thy fashion it is so:
Bycause thou wouldest that all men shuld
take thée foz friend noz foe.
What mourning makes ỹ wight good lozd
whome wife is bozne fro:
And taking vp his yongest sonne,
from dolefull shoares doth go.
To thother side where woodes and trées,
on fertile ground doth stande:
Ye is arriued, and there doth set,
his tender childe on lande.
And entring nowe the rushing waues,
that soundes with noyse so shzill:
Ye doth appzoch the hollow waues,
in myddest thereof to fill,
When he in myddest was thereof,
there came a Woulfe and toke:
The tender childe who late befoze,
was bozne ouer the bzoke,

And

And bare away, but God who made,
the heauen, the earth and all:
Did ſo prouide that once no hurt,
vnto it ſhould befall.
He ſeeing then his childe was gone,
with dolefull minde he cride:
Oh wicked wretch and miſer vile,
what ſhall of me betide?
And comming nowe to the other ſide,
his eldeſt ſonne to catch:
A Lion huge from wood doth come,
and thother vp doth ſnatch.
Which ſtraight doth trudge from thence away,
vnto the wood agayne:
A heauy ſight for Plaſidas,
in this his dolefull payne.
But Plaſidas poore ſoule doth ſtriue,
his childe to get agayne:
But he poore wretch of very truth,
laboureth all in vayne.
When that he ſawe no helpe there was,
good Lorde he doth lament:
But mighty God the childe to ſaue,
hath reſcue ready ſent.

The countrey men that were as then,
a plowing in the fielde:
The heard men eke that sheepe did kepe,
did stand and all behelde.
Where as a Lion huge did runne,
and eke with him did beare:
A manly childe, and loked as though,
in pieces he would teare.
Then out they sent their hungry dogs,
the Lion to ouertake.
And so at length the Lion he,
the childe did quite forsake.
The Woulfe likewise to beare the childe,
already hath begunne:
Through mydst of the plow men there,
and they at him do runne
With battes and staues, the praye he left,
and there the childe they founde:
A comely wight, no hurt he had,
But was both whole and sounde.
The plowe men and the heard men both,
are ioyous of this thing:
That chaunced hath, and to the towne,
the children both they bring.

There

There they declare how that they toke,
these tender babes of age:
From beasts ful fierce, & how they brought
them home to their village.
These men they were both of one towne,
and set the babes to schole:
To learne such things as after they,
thereby their life might rule.
Nowe leaue we here a while and stay,
and let vs furder heare:
Of Plasidas how he doth range,
in dolefull heauy cheare.
He passed is the watrie streames,
of that vnhappy shoare:
With sobbes and teares his cares & smart,
increaseth more and more.
And then at last vpon the ground,
prostrate on face he lies:
Haue mercy Lord on me vile wretch,
continually he cries.
Thou god that madest both heauen & erth,
the sea and eke eche thing:
Which al the windes from out their caues,
and hollowe rockes dost bring.

That

That madest the world and eke eche beast,
that liueth now therein:
Who makest poze, and eke dost cause,
of poze to ryse a King.
Who made the Sea, the fish, the foule,
that flies vnder the Skies:
Who rules the very iawes of beastes,
in whome all foze now lies.
Who placed first the heauenly throne,
of thy Godhead diuine:
Who eke hath made within the world,
both houres, dayes and time.
Thou that didst make the firmament,
with Stars shining so bright:
Thou that for day didst make the Sunne,
mens steps to guide aright.
Thou that hast made the planets seauen,
in spheares to runne their race:
Thou that nert to the croked Mone,
the burning flame dorst place.
And nert to it a vacant place,
where aire doth all abounde:
The water eke which compasse doth,
the heauy massiue grounde.

That

That hast to man such power giuen,
thy noble workes to knowe:
And yet on him of thy good grace,
dost dayly more bestowe.
Graunt vnto me thy seruaunt here,
one sparke of thy good grace:
That in this land I may now finde,
some ioyfull resting place.
Euen I that wretch who is denoyde,
of wife and children twaine:
Giue pacience Lord, to me poore wretch,
though languished in payne.
Haue mercy on my children deare,
where so their corps shall lie:
Haue mercy on their parentcke,
who liues in miserie.
This sayde, vnto the towne he goeth,
and ceaseth not to weepe:
For children twaine, at last he commeth,
in middest of the streate.
And there the men of that same towne,
do Plasidas desire:
To kepe their sheepe, and so he should,
of them receyue his hire.

Agréed

Agréd they are, and Plasidas,
his shépe full well doth knowe:
And now forthwith vnto the fieldes,
his shépe and he do goe.
Now leaue we heare of Plasidas,
in shepheardes wéede for gayne:
Sometime he was a noble Lorde,
but now moze poze certayne.
But now we forth will shewe the meane,
how God did all pzouide:
For mother and the childzen eke,
as it may well be spide
In ende, for loe, the fatall wzetch,
hath his rewarde with gayne:
His great desire was once the cause,
why that his corps was slayne.
For when on lofty roaring waues,
he was with winde at will:
Ye then in hast would strayght assay,
his lust for to fulfill.
But as he would by force of armes,
haue wzought the déedely acte:
The mighty God with death repayde,
this his purposed facte.

And

And there in ſhippe all deade he lies,
whoſe luſt did cauſe his woe:
The mariners lament this caſe,
and eke to lande they goe.
With hir, on ſhoare to ſet, and eke
moꝛe victuals foꝛ to buy:
When winde is faire to cuntry ſoyle,
agayne that they may hye.
And much they pꝛayſe hir conſtancie,
hir beautie and hir grace:
Hir faithfulneſſe vnto hir Loue,
in this hir heauie caſe.
The Loꝛde they pꝛaiſe and honoꝛ him,
with all their might they haue:
That ſo of his benignitie,
his bleſſed flocke can ſaue.
Then when to ſhoꝛe their boate was come,
ſhe there hir leaue doth take:
And willingly not with them any
longer ſoioꝛne to make.
Doth wende vnto a towne thereby,
intending there to liue:
Vntill that God ſhall ſée his tyme,
hir from hir cares to meue.

Thus

Thus fiftene yeares all desolate,
she liues in widdowes ray:
Yir honest life not one there is,
in all that towne that may
Distaine. And loe it so befell,
since Plasidas was gone:
That enimies the Romane lande,
do vere and warre vpon.
At whome the King enuying sore,
doth warre on them beginne:
But all in vaine his trauell was,
he lost, and nought could winne.
Then of his Knight good Plasidas
to thinke he doth beginne:
And wishing alwayes that he were,
in Romane land with him.
At length the King doth sende abrode,
through many a place and towne:
His lusty Knightes in hast to seeke,
Plasidas of renowme.
And bring him home to Romane lande.
where earst he was the Knight:
That did most harme vnto his foes,
by mortall dint of fight.

And who that findes the ſame in ende,
the king would honour giue:
With riches eke in honour great,
all dayes of life to liue.
Within the armie of the King,
two Knightes there were certayne:
Who euer vnder Plaſidas,
in warres did much remayne.
They into Egipt land do goe,
ſome newes for to heare tell:
Of Plaſidas, and loe they chaunce,
in ſtreate where he doth dwell.
And Plaſidas from field doth come,
as they were entred in:
Then to inquire of Plaſidas,
the Knightes doe now begin.
If that he knewe not one, within
that towne that had to name:
Plaſidas, who of chiualrie,
did beare away the fame.
He aunſwered them, and ſayd forſoth,
no ſuch man I doe knowe:
But yet he doth the Knightes deſire,
vnto his houſe to goe.

And

And take such things as he poore soule,
vnto them then might giue:
Which might their weary faynting lims,
from wearinesse relieue.
With whom they went with al their harts
and their repasses did take:
With such small chéere as he good man,
at that time could them make.
But when he did reuolue in minde,
the state that he was in:
Sometime with them, good Lord therefore,
to wéepe he doth begin.
Then went he out from chamber where,
the knightes did then remaine:
To wash his face, and afterwardes,
returne to them againe.
But whilest he was from them a time,
they thought that it was he:
Whome they appoynted were to séeke,
and so agréed they be,
At his retourne for to demaund,
some licence and some leaue:
To sée a wounde which sometime he,
in battayle did receaue.

At length he commes, and they to him,
with gentle wordes doe ſpeake:
God ſir ſayd they, much like thou arte,
to him whome we doe ſeeke.
Therefore of thee we do deſire,
this one thing for to loke
Upon thy head, for ſuch a wounde,
that he in battayle tooke.
They then beheelde the wound, and knewe,
full well that it was he:
No tong can then expreſſe their ioy,
fulfilled ſo they be.
With ſtretched armes they him embrace,
deſiring him to tell:
Where that his children are become,
and where his wife doth dwell.
Then aunſwered he and ſayd his ſonnes,
were refte of vitall breath:
And as he thought, his wife likewiſe,
taſted of cruell death.
And howe the Maſter had his wife,
vnto the knightes he tolde:
And how by force of armes from him,
his wife he did with holde.

This done, in hast throughout the land,
repoꝛte doth blowe this thing:
The neyghboures then do hast vnto,
Plasidas poꝛe lodging.
With maruelling, much like vnto
a swarme of bees they goe:
About the house and there the knightes,
their message foꝛth do shew.
And then they ray sir Plasidas,
with vestementes of ꝓice:
Then from their seates to walke a while,
the lusty knightes arise.
In hast they leaue that ioyfull soyle,
and homewarde do they wende:
They are arined in Romane lande,
ere fyftene dayes were ende.
The Emperour then when that he heard,
that Eustas was at hande:
Doth ioy that God hath sent this knight,
agayne vnto his lande.
Now Trayan he doth ryde in hast,
Plasidas foꝛ to mæte:
And ioyfull Trayan Plasidas,
his louing friend doth græte.

Then Trayan with Plaſidas,
vnto his court doth goe:
With great frequent of people that,
behind them did followe.
When he came there, of al his happes,
he doth declare and tell:
Of all the woes and miſeries,
that vnto hym befell.
How his wife was taken him fro,
how children both were ſlayne:
And how himſelfe nowe fyftene yeares,
did liue in dolefull payne.
From thence they goe to banketting,
to reuels and to play:
In daunsing and in minſtrelſie,
they ſpend that lucky day.
And Plaſidas is made I ſay,
Lieutenant of the bande:
And all the ordering of the warres,
is put into his hande.
He then before him cailes the Knightes,
and doth their number take:
Intending vp an armie great,
in haſt forthwith to make.

And doth commaund that strayght,
eche towne to him should sende:
Two lusty men with Plasidas,
vnto the warres to wende.
It happened so that that same towne,
two souldiers forth must make:
Which from the Lion and the Woulfe,
those tender babes did take.
At length the townes men do agrée,
that both these children should:
Goe with the Knight with willing mindes
and heartes, euen so they would.
The countrie men these souldiers twayne,
did bring vnto the Knight:
Their maners and their comelie shape,
did much his minde delight.
Wherefore with first at table he,
hath placed the same to be:
Bycause in them such nobleneſſe,
of maners he did sée.
The day is come, to battayle they,
must wende euen out of hand:
And now they must the great assault,
of cruell foes withstande.

The battayles great on eyther part,
the flames do reach the Skie:
The roaring ſound of Canons ſhot,
the force of walles doth trie.
The knightes with launce in hand I ſay,
do pearce throughout the throng:
The ſouldier doth aſſay to lay,
his enimie all along.
The battayle ſtandes in doubt of truth,
which ſide ſhall other beate:
Here marteh they on amayne and there,
they blowe agayne retreate.
Here all along on ground they lie,
and here from tourets hie:
The deadly ſhaft through miſley cloudes,
aloft in Skies doe flie.
And here in fleſh it lightes full dépe,
and giues a deadly wound:
And in an other parte there is,
a thouſand brought to ground.
Here fighteth Plaſidas full harde,
in midſt of all the throng:
And here the children parent like,
ſlay enimies along.

They

They forwarde doe retire in hast,
and men afore do lacke:
And Plasidas assayles his foes,
behinde vpon their backe.
The wings that were the ayde and helpe,
of foote men, goe their way:
The battayles lost, all through defacde,
of keping their aray.
The wings are fled, and battayle must
by footemen stand a while:
The battayls great, but at the length,
they are brought to exile.
The enimies flie from fielde amaine,
and Romanes followe fyll:
Upon the chase, for they did minde,
their cruell foes to kyll.
Retreate is blowen, and home agayne,
to campe the souldiers hie:
That willing were, eyther their foes,
or they in chase to die.
The towne is made full strong and sure,
with rampiers for shotte:
And eke eche syde of all the towne,
with munition is hotte.

The scaling lathers downe to throwe,
they haue their iron staues:
They haue their hatchets for to cut,
in sunder all their raues.
Some stand with slings from far to strike,
the Romane armies great:
Some stand with billes those that assault,
with furious force to beate:
The pike men they on walles doe stande,
their towne for to defende:
And some from towre with bow in hande,
the graygoose wing do sende.
The labourers do mende the walles,
with gonshot all to shake:
The townes men all within the towne,
do seeke defence to make.
And sluises al are opened,
to stop the enimies way:
Least that to scale their walles by night,
the enimie doe assay.
The night is come, and it doth parte
the armies for that time:
The watch man he aloft in towre,
beginneth for to clime.

The warde at gate is kept all night,
the souldiers stand in ray:
That when the onset shall be giuen,
resist their foes they may.
The night is gone, and breake of day,
beginneth to drawe nie:
By which the watch man in the towre,
the armie may diserie.
And see from farre howe Plasidas,
doth order all his bande:
Howe that he telleth them the way,
their foes for to withstande.
He doth declare, as he can deeme,
what number that they be:
And doth espie if any troupe,
of horse men he may see.
That doth approch vnto the towne,
for to increase their feare:
Plasidas sent horse men forth,
to range both here and there.
To see if that they enter would,
from towne, and would descend:
In open fielde by force of armes,
their citie to defende.

But

But they within did kepe themselues,
in order for to fight:
Then had the day quite drone away,
the lothsome myſes of nyght.
And Placidas his comely trayne,
vnto the walles doth bring:
The which the watch man well perceyued,
and al arme out doth ring.
To walles they goe both tagge and ragge,
their Citie to defende:
And euery man his businesse,
doth duely nowe intende.
The pushing pikes ſtand nere the walles,
their enimies downe to fling:
The ſtelly boyes the heauy earth,
on shoulders thither bring.
The sunne from depth of Occean sea,
did scarce himselfe areare:
When as the Romane armie did,
before the towne appeare.
And then the gonnes the way doe make,
through walles of stone and bricke:
And eke the flames of fiers do,
the tops of houses licke.

The Romanes, they bring to the walles,
their scaling lathers hie:
With iron hookes, vnto the tops
of houses for to tie.
Now all the walles of Romanes stout,
is filled to the ende:
And more and more continually,
vpon the walles ascende.
The towne is wonne, and Plasidas
in midst thereof is set:
And all their labour is as nowe,
the spoyle thereof to get.
The towne to dust is quite consumde,
and burnt with scorching fire:
The trumpets sound triumphantly,
to cause their men retire.
Then after when the towne is wonne,
and all was brought to ground:
A resting place for all his bande,
there in a towne he found.
In which his wife did dwell, and kept
a house for hostage there:
To whome hir sonnes for harbor then,
vnto hir do repaire,

Not knowing what she was, in deede,
they there their restes doe take:
And for their noble victories,
great ioy they oft do make.
At last the yonger doth desire,
the elder for to tell:
His yong estate, and what to him,
in childehode oft befell.
Whose talke the silly mother oft,
did listen much to knowe:
Some newes by warriers stoutly done,
and afterwardes might showe.
The same vnto hir friendes that lisk,
oft times of warres to talke:
Therefore full oft I say she doth,
before the chamber walke.
At last the eldest sayd, good friend,
I doe remember well:
Howe that my father rulde the Knightes,
of Rome that did excell.
And eke a Lady faire I had,
to mother well I knowe:
Two children eke they had full fayre,
I well remember so.

My yonger brother was full faire,
surmounting in degrée:
All other men, so rich he was,
with giftes of dame beautie.
Long did they liue in ioy and blisse,
within that lande I know:
But yet by night he toke a shippe,
and from that lande did goe.
Vnto a countrey not farre thence,
the name I doe not knowe:
The shippe is come vnto the porte,
and then to land we goe.
My mother she behinde was left,
but howe I can not say:
But as I iudge, the Master he,
my mother there did stay.
And then from thence we did depart,
vnto a towne thereby:
With heauy minde, vntill he came,
vnto a great ferry.
And there he set me downe on ground,
and ouer strayght he boze:
His yonger sonne ouer the floud,
vnto the other shore.

And

And entring now the floud agayne,
me thither for to fetch:
A cruel Woulfe my brother yong,
vp in his mouth doth catch.
And wendes his way vnto the wood,
my brother loud doth cry:
My father still he striued harde,
agayne to me to hie.
But out alas, a Lion huge.
came from the wood amaine:
And snatcht vp me, and to the wood
he did returne agayne.
But when the Lion great and tall,
the heard men they doe see:
Their dogs they set vpon the beast,
and so they saued me.
The yonger sayd, my brother deare,
euen as I heard it tolde:
The plowmen take me from a Woulfe,
which had me in his holde.
By that thou saydst, coniecture I,
thy brother that I am:
Loe happy day they both doe say,
that vnto warres we came.

The ioy that they doe make forsoth,
no tong can it expresse:
No heart can thinke, no eye hath seene,
such blessed ioyfulnesse.
The mother then hath heard their talke,
and ponder it well doth she:
And doth revolue within hir minde,
if that hir babes they be.
Then vnto Plasidas she goeth,
and doth desire him sone:
That he would let hir goe with him,
for she was borne at Rome.
And as to him these wordes she spake,
in sounding she oft fell:
And cried at length, O Plasidas,
I knowe thee very well.
I am thy wife poore Theopis,
which taken was thee fro:
In midst of floudes, when thou from ship,
vnto the land didst goe.
The mighty God of heauen and earth,
for thee hath kept me cleane:
The Master he for his desette,
by darte of death is slayne.

Then Plasidas doth well perceyue,
his wife, his loue and make:
His heart, his life, and vnto him,
in armes he doth hir take.
What ioy was there I can not tell,
my fingers weary be:
To write the same, my eyes like that,
in world did neuer see.
The wife the husband doth embrace,
the man the wife likewise:
The ioy to shewe, the teares doe gushe,
like streames from out their eyes.
And in their ioy, the wife demaundes,
where that hir children be:
Then he did say, my louing wife,
their deaths my selfe did see.
Two cruel beastes with foming mouthes,
our children both hath slayne:
Then sayd his wife be of good chere,
aliue they both remaine.
For loe, the God which vnto vs,
this ioyfull meeting gaue:
By his good grace and power diuine,
did both our children saue.

Then

Then him she tolde how souldiers twaine,
their infancie did showe:
And strayght he sent for those yong men,
the truth of them to knowe.
The children both vnto him come,
and eche of them doth tell:
His infancie, by which he knoweth,
they be hys sonnes full well,
He then doth kisse and eke embrace,
those tender babes of his:
The armie then for newes hereof,
in heart right ioyfull is.
They spende those dayes in ioy and blisse,
and after do intende:
To Romane lande triumphantly,
his hosse and he to wende:
But whilest in warres he did abyde,
good Trayan was deade:
And Adrian in the Empire,
succéeded in his steade.
Who in all mischieues did abounde,
as storyes vs doe tell:
For persecuting of the truth,
he did the rest excell.

When Plaſidas to Rome was come,
and did a time ſoiourne:
Then Adrian did him commaund,
his Idols to adourne.
For that the Romanes did poſſeſſe,
ſo great a victorie:
But Plaſidas would not ſo doe,
he playnely did deny,
That they were Gods, and vnto him,
they nought at all could giue:
He ſayd by Chriſt, in Chriſt it was,
that he in world did liue.
Then Adrian commaunded that,
deuoured they ſhould be:
Of a Lion in Church, whereas
his Goddes the face might ſee.
And ſo it was as he commaunde,
perfourmed eke and done:
The Lion he moſt ioyfully,
vnto their feete doth come.
And there doth lie much like a dogge,
cum caude that doth play:
And from their feete no man ywis,
can get the beaſt away.

But

But there he lies and mery makes,
he doth no hhurt at all:
Then Adrian doth straycht commaunde,
his men them forth to call,
And doth commaund that they be put,
in Ore of brasse to die:
But nought they care, in Jesus Christ
they had their trust wholly.
The Ore with flame is thorow hote,
and they are put therein:
And ioyfully in Christ they all,
to sing do then beginne.
Thus ended they their mortall race,
their life was at an ende:
That we may so indure good Lorde,
to vs thy mercy sende.

FINIS. Iohn Partridge.